

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

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## News of the Week.

### EAST.

—J. E. Vandusen, of Boynton, N. J., who has been missing for some eight months, has turned up again. He writes from Rotterdam, on the Hague. He states that he left his home in Brooklyn for a day's gunning. While ducking near Five Island his boat was captured and his companion drowned. Clinging to the bottom of the upset boat, he drifted out to sea, and on the following morning, when almost exhausted, he was picked up by a Swedish bark, bound for Buenos Ayres. When fifty-four days out the Swede boarded a British bark, bound from the Pacific for Rotterdam, and all consenting, young Vandusen was transferred and carried to Rotterdam, from which place he proposed to sail immediately to meet his wife and children in Brooklyn, who have mourned for him as dead for several months.

—A New York paper says that at the present time there are between 7,000 and 8,000 children who have been kidnapped from Italy, and are held in slavery in the large cities of the United States, New York being the great central entrepot. These children are brought here and sold daily, at private auction, at prices ranging from \$100 to \$400 for boys, and from \$100 to \$500 for girls. Where the girls are exceptionally pretty the prices rise higher. Two little girls who together play their violins in Wall street are said to have been bought by their present owner for \$1,600. Since the 1st of April last 317 of these children have arrived in New York.

—One J. H. Horton, by means of forged collaterals deposited with Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, drew on them and made a raise of \$75,000, in New York, the other day, and has gone where it will do him the most good. The Philadelphia discovered the cheat too late. Horton has been living in Lancaster, Pa., for the last six or eight years, excepting the brief periods he has lived in New York.

—Judge Ingraham in supreme court has granted an absolute divorce in the case of Pauline Lucas against her husband Baron Von Wode, with leave to the former to marry again. Plaintiff was also awarded the custody of their child. No counsel appeared for the Baron. Plaintiff's complaint set forth that she was married in Berlin, November 1865; that her husband subsequently led a profligate life and squandered her earnings.

### WEST.

—A special from Bismark, on the Northern Pacific railroad, reports that the Northern Pacific surveying party, which left Abraham Lincoln last week, when about two miles out from the latter place, was attacked by a band of fifty Sioux Indians. The Indians were met by two companies of infantry and a detachment of cavalry, and four Sioux were killed. The escort accompanying the party numbered two hundred armed men, and no serious trouble is anticipated. After the skirmish the survey was resumed.

—It is stated that twenty-seven steamers are in China waters, waiting to bring Chinamen to San Francisco to the number of 20,000. There is great excitement in San Francisco over the veto, by Mayor Alvord, of ordinances putting exceptional taxes on the Chinese and indignities such as to compel them to cut off their pig-tails.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

—Correspondence from Jerusalem says that the geological plate, just completed by the oriental topographical corps now engaged in making surveys and sketches of the hills and valleys, shows that the exposed and skull-shaped line of the upper strata of the hill outside Damascus gate and near the north wall of Jerusalem is strongly suggestive of Golgotha; the place of skulls. This supports the theory of this hill being Calvary. The oriental topographical corps have arranged by means of telegraph from Joppa to Jerusalem, for accurate barometric verification of altitudes on the coast between the Mediterranean and Dead sea.

—The Japanese ministers of finance have resigned. They published a letter stating the insolubility of the Empire at \$104,000,000. The people are excessively taxed. The palace of the Mikado is to be rebuilt according to European plans.

—The limited number of strangers in Vienna has compelled a reduction of the high prices of living. The American department of the exposition is now not very far behind the others, all departments being behindhand; and the exposition, in Mr. Shultz's opinion, should not have been held for another year.

—The Spanish political kaleidoscope has again turned, and this time Señor Figueras and his ministry have disappeared, and Señor Margal has again come to the top at the head of a new ministry, in sympathy with the idea of a republic of federal states. Figueras has gone to France. The ex-Queen Isabella is said to be going to Rome. The carlists continue to be active, and there are constant reports of actions that are not, however, decisive.

### IN GENERAL.

—The geographical results of the Polar expedition, so far as they can now be ascertained from the testimony of Tyron and his comrades, may be summed up briefly: The open Polar sea laid down by Kane and Hayes, is found to be in reality a sound of considerable extent, formed by the abrupt expansion of Kennedy channel to the northward and broken by Lady Franklin's bay on the west and on the east by a large inlet twenty miles wide at opening, and certainly extending far inland. The real scientific results of the Polar expedition cannot be known until that vessel has been found and brought back with the treasures gathered and the records and details of her arctic explorations, but enough is told by the witnesses whom have been examined to excite expectation and encourage the hope of large and valuable additions to human knowledge.

—The post master general has signed additional articles to the present postal treaty with Canada, providing for an interchange of postal cards of the United States and the Dominion at the prepaid rate of two cents in full to its destination in either country, the prepayment to be effected by affixing to the card an ordinary one cent postage stamp. Postal cards not so additionally prepaid are not to be forwarded. It is expected to go into effect July 1. The post master general has also determined to issue an order directing that all postal cards which cannot be delivered to the person addressed shall be immediately returned to the writer without charge.

—WASHINGTON. The department of justice attributes the unhappy condition of affairs in Utah, so far as the non-enforcement of the

criminal laws is concerned, to the neglect of congress to provide a remedy for the difficulties alluded to in the president's special message toward the close of the session, in which he earnestly asked for legislation to prevent a conflict of authority, if no worse consequences. The President afterwards went to the capitol and personally urged legislation, as did also Attorney General Williams, but without success; although jurors cannot be procured in criminal cases, they can be obtained in civil cases by the consent of the parties. There seems to be no prospect of relief from the present dilemma except by the action of congress.

—The President has pardoned the Rev. John E. Zell, a baptist minister of South Carolina, who was convicted of klukskluxism and sent to Alsbury penitentiary by Judge Bond.

—Somebody has stolen from the war department an invaluable mass of private archives left there by Secretary Stanton. They covered the whole period of the war, and were of singular interest on account of the light they threw on the real history of many of the patriots and heroes of the war, who figured in court-martials, contracts and army intrigues, in a way that would not, if known, add much to their civil reputation, although many of them, it is intimated, hold high positions today.

—The British government has authorized its minister at Washington to expend \$25,000 on the erection of a new building for the legislation at the corner of Connecticut avenue, near Farragut Square.

### The Possibilities of the Future.

If we are sure that the other life is life, and not a slumbering hole in the ground; if death is but the opening of the gate; if dying is translation; if passing from sentence here we reach a higher sentence there, one can almost bear anything in this life. "Christ, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising shame," and the joy that is set before us, if fully revealed to us, would enable every man, methinks, to endure the cross and despise the shame. It is the unknown to come that cheers and blesses the known life that now is. For this is an orphaned life. Here we are helpless, or like stumbling children, with little strength and little experience, but we are living toward our manhood; and every year that we leave behind us is one station on the road over which we have passed; and every day the very dust that annoys us, and the very cinders that vex our summer eyes, are so many witnesses of the speed with which we are crossing that territory which separates between us and ours; between our seeming life and our real life; between the life that now is and the life that is to come. Every one of us will know each other in heaven. Every one of us will be nobler in heaven than we are here. The sensibilities of this poor, dim earth are no interpretation of the sensibilities of heaven. The great march of men through this life is scarcely a hint of the volume, the vastness, the magnitude, the grandeur, of that march in procession, of soul with soul, through the eternal ages. What- ever we do not know, one thing we do know, and that is this, that we shall go to heaven, not to shrink with age, to find poverty, and to find distortion, but to find riches, and symmetry, and to develop into all the glory of everlasting youth. All that populates our fancy with ideal perfection, and more, will be there. The noblest conception, the most rapt vision of the most ecstatic or merest, will be more than outdone. Heaven will be larger, heaven will be richer, heaven will be happier, and the glory of God will be more transcendent than it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. Toward it we are being swept with an irresistible impulse. For I believe that, besides our own life, there is a great current of forces in which we are swinging upward and onward toward the invisible sphere. As the traveler on earth has a double journey; as in addition to the journey which he is himself making, he is swept along by the earth in its revolutions; so I believe that the human race is being swept in vast aerial circles toward better climes and nobler societies. What- ever may be done by tears, by sorrows, by temptations, by weariness, by study, by toil, there is something better than all that. The irresistible power of God is carrying the universe upward and onward to its final perfection and glorification.—H. W. Beecher.

The gifted Sargent S. Prentiss once gave a sumptuous dinner to some friends at a hotel in Vicksburg. Early in the evening a stranger entered the room in a mistake. Prentiss courteously invited him to join the party. Before long the strange guest began boasting of how much he had drunk during the day, a cocktail here, a smash- er there, a julep in this place, a sling in that, and so on, apparently without end. At length Prentiss said: "Sir," said he, "do you believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis?" "I don't know," was the reply, "and I don't see that it has anything to do with what we were talking about." "It has," rejoined Prentiss, "much, much every way. I have firm faith in that doctrine. I believe that in the next life every man will be transformed into the thing for which he has best qualified himself in this. In that life, sir, you will become a corner grocery."

A SCHOOL-MASTER on being asked what was meant by the word "fortification," answered, "Two twentifications makes a fortification."

### MY LITTLE WIFE.

Our table is spread for two to-night,  
No guests our bounty share;  
The damask cloth is snowy-white,  
The service elegant and bright,  
Our china quaint and rare;  
My little wife presides,  
And perfect love abides.  
The bread is sponge, the butter gold,  
The molasses nice and hot;  
What though the winds without blow cold?  
The walls a little world unfold,  
And the storm is soon forgot.  
Is the draught's cheerful glow  
Beams a paradise below.  
A fatter picture who hath seen?  
Soft lights and shadows blent;  
The central figure of the scene,  
She sits, my wife, my love, my queen,  
Her hand a little bent;  
And in her eye a blue  
I read my bliss anew.  
I watch her as she pours the tea,  
With fingers deft and movement free  
She mixes in the cream for me,  
A bright smile on her face;  
And as she sends it up  
I pledge her in my cup.  
Was ever man before so blest?  
I secretly reflect,  
The passing thought she must have guessed,  
For now dear lips on mine are pressed,  
An arm is around my neck;  
Dear treasure of my life,  
God bless her, little wife!  
—Oswald Monthly.

### PROF. TYNDALL AT NIAGARA.

(From Popular Science Monthly.)

On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's stair, the guide to the cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood, large, well-built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished, some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe fall. "Can you lead me there to-morrow?" I asked. He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build and with gray in his whiskers in such an undertaking. "I wish," I added, "to see as much of the fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavor to follow." His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, "Very well; I shall be ready for you, to-morrow."

On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's stair I stripped wholly, and redressed according to instructions, drawing on two pairs of woolen trousers, three woolen jackets, two pairs of socks and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide urged that the clothes would keep me from being chilled, and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oil-cloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant of the guide to keep the water out, but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested.

We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom, my guide inquired whether we should go first to the cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge boulders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along the edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, "This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far toward the Horseshoe."

We waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing amid unseen boulders, against which the torrents rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, "Now, come on." I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below, which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. De Saussure recommended the inspection of Alpine dangers with the view of making them familiar to the eye before they are encountered; and it is a wholesome custom, in places of difficulty, to put the possibility of an accident clearly before the mind, and to decide beforehand what ought to be done should the accident occur. Thus wound up in the present instance, I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon my back. Farther struggle was impossible; and feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself toward the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallower water.

The oil-cloth covering was a great incubation; it had been made for a much stouter man, and, standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centre of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dismission; but, taking everything into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by

the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron it might have helped me; but, as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but, by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. "No traveler," he said, "was ever here before." Soon afterward, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the boulders toward the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep, resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hand, and look upward; but the defense was useless. My guide continued to move on, but at a certain place he halted, and desired me to take shelter in his lee and observe the cataract. The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking up over the guide's shoulder I could see the water bending over the ledge, while Terrapin tower loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray-gusts. We were right under the tower. A little farther on, the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered. We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin tower stands, and pushed, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the boulders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara river.

Here my guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see, as before, the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared. An eminent friend of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as purely chemical, to be met with chemical remedies only. He contends for a psychological element of cure. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate the blood, brain and viscera. The influence rained from ladies' eyes enables my friend to thrive on dishes which would kill him if eaten alone. A salutative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quickened by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped exultingly through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, on the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value, and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than that I enjoyed the wilderness; but, as I bent in the shelter of his large frame, he said, "I should like to see you attempt to describe all this." He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of the gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves before our enemy of the morning. My guide halted for a minute or two, scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveler had ever thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope. He waded in. The struggle to keep himself erect was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself flat in the water toward the bank, and was swept into the shallows. Standing in the stream near its edge, he stretched his arm toward me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the boulders. By wading some way in, the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it. "If you are sure," he replied, "in case of giving way you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you." I waded in, and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. Thus helped, though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here.

We afterward roamed sociably among the torrents and boulders below the cave of the Winds. The rocks were

covered with organic slime, which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the boulders, and then along a narrow ledge to a point eaten deepest in the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but, when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray was whirled against us. On the evening of the same-day, I went behind the water on the Canada side, which, I confess, struck me, after the experience of the morning, as an imposture.

### The Active Element in Play.

We make, of course, a great mistake if we overlook the active element in play, and children and grown persons must not get their sport too easily, nor enfeeble themselves by sedentary amusements. Here the important distinction of the active and passive voice opens upon us. In base-ball, in cricket, in billiards, in bowling, and in quoits and foot-ball, there is wholesome stir of the limbs and the blood, and also good exercise for the perceptions and judgment. Spinning top and flying the kite, playing marbles and battleship, are milder sports, yet they have the use for the mind as well as the body, and they have place in physical education too important to allow any sensible man to despise them. We tend generally very much, however, away from all these outdoor active plays, and we like to get our amusement as easily as possible, while the least loss of time or cost of effort. Hence the great prevalence of the sitting plays, the sedentary recreations. These are of various kinds, according as they quicken the perceptions and the understanding at the table, as in the case of draughts, backgammon, or the less objectionable forms of card-playing; or as in the case of riddles and charades and conundrums, they stir the wits; or in the play with dolls and puppets, which start the fancy; or, lastly, in the games of chance, that move hope and fear without calling out any worthy action of mind or heart, and which are of doubtful service even in their mildest forms, so ready are they to encourage the accursed passion for gaming. Now we certainly need to bring out the more active class of plays, and men of business and the professions would be much better every way if they would keep up the usages and the spirit of their youth by going with their children and young people to the base-ball ground or the bowling-alley. It is the merest drivell to speak of any of these wholesome sports as bad because they are sometimes abused. A billiard-table and a bowling-alley are no more evil in themselves than a dining-room or a bath-house, for each of these may and has been perverted to monstrous corruptions.

It is becoming a very practical question how far the active sports should become so intense and personal as to excite emulation and influence partisanship, as is so often the case with our rowing matches and ball-playing. Here a second distinction, based upon emulation and its absence, presents itself. Too often these contests cease to be plays, and when the victory secures either a valuable prize or a substantial honor, and sometimes it brings health and even peace of mind into peril. It is fun to see Harvard and Yale or Oxford and Cambridge rowing for the mastery, but the brave fellows who are straining their muscles to win the day for their color are not especially jolly, and no work is harder than theirs. Young men must, indeed, be manly, and not mind roughing it sometimes, and the boat-race is of a piece with the scramble of life, and one must not be over-dainty in play when we are to try our hand and take our chance in the rough and tumble of the world. It is best, however, to give to manly plays as much gentleness and harmony as possible. We can not ask young men, indeed, to be content with dancing all the time with ladies in sympathetic round and party regulation. Nor can we hope to confine them to the routine of the gymnasium and its feats of turning and climbing. Military sports meet their active temper very well, and marching and counter-marching with banners and music are better and more friendly exercise than the everlasting fight for supremacy, whether with the oar, or the foot-ball, or the cricket bat. It is well to calm the pulses of youth, and even of children, by adding plays of representation to active sports, and a finer quality of fellowship goes with hearing music, seeing tableaux and pictures, walking in the fields, or rowing or sailing quietly amidst pleasing scenery, or joining in a social party with its constant change of scenes and persons and recreations. We ought to make more of this style of amusement, and try to refine and dignify the love of fun in our young people by more taste and beauty.—Dr. Samuel Osgood, in Harper's Magazine.

Two curious suicides have taken place at Paris, both occasioned by the remorse of the victims at having scolded their wives.

### WOMAN'S WORLD.

#### Woman.

—A queen of noble Nature's crowning,  
A smile of lips was like an act of grace;  
She had no woman's looks, no pretty frowning,  
Like daily beauties of the vulgar race;  
But if she smiled, a light was on her face;  
A clear, cool kindness, a lunar beam  
Of peaceful radiance, silvering in the stream  
Of human thought, of unobscured glory,  
Not quite a waking truth, not quite a dream,  
A visitation bright and transitory.  
—H. Calderon.

#### In the Storm.

O woman, pale and heaving,  
On whom the storm beats hard,  
Would that thou wert with thy sisters,  
At home in love's sweet ward.  
O could you hear the music  
That I hear through the storm,  
O could you know what keeps me smiling,  
My heart so rosy warm.  
The rapture of the evening,  
When past the outer lane,  
I rest by my own hearth-side,  
And my child is in my arms.  
—Shirley Dyer.

The only ring that should be tolerated  
The wedding ring.

PANSIER—A "waist basket" for back numbers of old newspapers.

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge?—Because she is something to adore.

CAN a gentleman who sees a lady home under an umbrella be fitly designated as a rain-bean?

A CYCLO describes marriage as an altar on which man lays his wallet and woman her affections.

A YOUNG husband calls his wife "Birdie," because, he says, she is always associated in his mind with a bill.

A PEDIATRIC man says that his wife's tongue wears out so many sets of false teeth that the dentist's bills have nearly broken him up.

OUR hen-pecked remarks with surprise that when his wife is well enough to "get round" she immediately resumes her wrangles.

FOOT-BALL, according to the newspapers, is becoming a popular game all over the country. Boston girls claim to be the most skillful.

A GOOD-LOOKING female doctor has settled in Charlotte, Michigan, and every man in town is taking pills by the quart, at two cents per pill.

TWENTY students of the Pittsburg female college having become converted declare their determination to flirt with none but young divinity students hereafter.

A CALICO man warns people not to trust his wife, and she retorts by saying that he'll go without clothes all summer before she'll take in washing to rig him out again.

AN honest lover in Massachusetts has given to his prospective father-in-law a load of wood to replace that consumed during his evening "sparking" visits last winter.

A BOSTON paper tells this: A lady called at a drug-store and breathlessly remarked: "There! I have succeeded all the way down here to get a recipe prescribed, and dismember the combustibles!"

SOME one calls the "race of American women indolent;" whereupon one of them retorts: "I wonder if that man ever reflected upon the amount of shopping we do, and the willingness with which we do it?"

A PEORIA girl, on her marriage, sold her piano and bought a sewing-machine and material enough to make full suits for her husband and herself, and straightway went to work making them up. Her sisters are already married.

THERE are people who still hold that a woman on the battlefield would be an absurdity; but they never saw a brave woman, in bloomer costume, going through a crowded street and preserving throughout the walk a placid countenance.

THE audience at a Chicago theater were disposed to be hilarious, the other night, when the wife of a man who had risen from his seat between the acts and started for the door, cried out, "Where are you going, John?" John was disgusted, but kept on.

A SANCY young widow out west said to a clerical friend who asked her condolingly, how long her "lamented" had been dead, "I am in the honeymoon of my widowhood." That widow will be boasting some day about celebrating a golden funeral.

WHEN a Turkish wife forgets to keep the surrender buttons sewed to her husband's trousers, she is patted on the back for half an hour with a pine board an inch thick. An African wife is better treated. The frown is chased from her lofty brow with a flat-iron.

A MAN who married a widow has invented a device to cure her of "eternity" praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to decant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor, dear man!" how I wish he had not died! and the lady immediately begins to think of something else to talk about.

AN Ohio postmaster has received a letter wherein the writer proffers a curious request as follows: "If you can & will ascertain the names of Some rich old maid or widow worth from 5 thousand to 50,000 or more let me know by return mail and I will pitch in and if I make it tie the Knot, it is a 1 hundred dollars in your pocket. Keep this a profound secret between us two if it gets out all is spoiled I am poor but want to marry rich."

EXPERIENCE goes to show that girls in school offer less excuses on account of sickness than boys. Many times it is

wonderful to find how sickly boys are when recitation time comes. As to capacity for laying hold of the higher branches, the same experience has been that the best students in differential and integral calculus were girls. The most pleasing demonstration of geometrical problems have come from the charming girls.

A GENTLEMAN of "elegant leisure," and a bachelor at that, has been amusing himself with matrimonial statistics, and reports that out of two hundred marriages published in New England journals last week, only two of the ladies had old fashioned names, such as Mary and Susan. All the others were Mollies, Dollies, Pollies, Libbies, Tibbies, Biddies, Patties, Matties, Lizzies, and so on. He says if he can hear of some girl with a familiar "christian name," he will start for her.

AS exchange says "an economical lady in Oberlin, Ohio, recently engaged an old man, who has six children to support, to dig and fix her new garden. The old man worked about a week, and on asking for his pay the lady handed him a bundle, which she said contained a valuable waterfall which he could sell. He took the 'fixin' to a hair-dresser, and found to his chagrin, that it was not worth a quarter, being an old jute concern which had done long service. He declined to go back to the lady, as he said, 'for she might poison him for the purpose of stealing his old boot.'"

THE young men are becoming every day more discourteous, so the girls say. They take their dogs instead of their lady friends out riding nowadays. There are advantages about a dog as a riding companion, we must admit. He doesn't take up so much room. He doesn't make remarks when horses are acting in a manner which requires your whole attention, and get enraged because you don't answer him. He don't wear long veils and streaming ribbons to get into your eyes every time the wind blows. He doesn't grab at the reins every time your horse shies or stumbles, and, moreover, "na," don't expect him home at half-past five.

LEZZIE and Lydia Taylor, five years ago entered the office of the Charlotte, Michigan, Republican as compositors. They afterward went into the Battle Creek Journal office, and since that time they have earned from eight to twenty dollars per week. From their earnings they have supported their mother, as housekeepers have lived well, bought a piano, taken music, gave one hundred dollars toward the building of the Baptist church at Battle Creek, and have saved \$1,200. They are unmarried.

### Dancing at Home.

Henry Ward Beecher took occasion, in a recent sermon, to allude to recreation and amusements in the home circle as being healthful and natural; and we append what he says about dancing:

"Some persons, when they join the church, think they must put all the glee and mirth and merriment of their lives. Don't do it! If a love song ripples up to the surface of your heart, sing it! sing it! sing it! Don't let it die! My second mother, for I remember no other, was my ideal of woman gentleness, propriety and elegance. She was not, however, very demonstrative. She used, before marriage, to be quite a belle, and was often known to trip the light fantastic toe. One evening, as my father played a tune on the violin, my mother arose and in the most graceful manner possible to conceive, commenced to dance around the room. I didn't know what to make of it. I was speechless with consternation and delight. My father looked on with surprise. Never in the whole course of my life had I seen such a thing attempted in my father's house. It was delicious, and I got a lesson then which has lasted me ever since. I think to this day if my mother had danced oftener and said my clatterings a little less, it would have been better for all of us. If you have a talent for music, cultivate it; for dancing, cultivate it; whatever gifts God has given you, make the most of them, whether of voice, foot or eye."

IMPORTING FILBERTS.—A late Turf, Field and Farm says of importing filberts: "We were surprised, on visiting one of our Broadway fruit shops, to find fresh filbert, imported from Kent, in England, selling with their heavy, green husks on for eighty cents per pound, and this has been the average for several years. Why should not our farmers in the middle and southern states grow filberts? The climate which will produce good peaches will also produce filberts, and all of our light tobacco lands in the basin of the Chesapeake are as well suited to their growth as the soil of Kent, and certainly at the prices ruling now in New York, or at even half these prices, filberts would prove the most profitable product within the whole range of agriculture. Nor is the adaptation of the soil and climate of our middle states to the growth of these nuts at all problematical, for they have been grown in a small way on some of the old homesteads in Virginia for more than a hundred years."

SAN FRANCISCO will make a last effort to retain a few uniform garments to wear by taxing her Chinese laundries unto death.